

pint and a half, and line it thinly with aspic jelly. When this is set, turn out the little cards and slip them into the large mould, alternating black and red round the sides; now take three-quarters of a pint of spinach *purée* and add to it a quarter of a pint of stiffly-whipped cream and half a pint of liquid aspic jelly. Line the large mould about one inch thick with this *purée*, and let this set; take the rest of the *purée* of chicken and add to it a small tin of *pâté de foie gras* cut up into small pieces; fill up the mould with the mixture; pour a little more aspic on the top, and place on ice to set. When cold, turn out. Have one playing-card more than you require for the inside of the mould; turn this out, and lay on the top also some small dice, made in square moulds and decorated with truffle. Garnish round the base with a little chopped aspic.

#### "WHEN LEAVES WERE GREEN."

*Ingredients.*—One sponge-cake baked in a border mould, three ounces of pistachio nuts finely chopped, two ounces of angelica cut in very thin strips, two tablespoonfuls of apricot jam, one tablespoonful of grated chocolate.

*Method.*—We mean to represent this title by a bird's nest full of eggs, so we must try to make it as natural-looking as possible.

First, then, pare off the mould and cut the parings into thin strips to represent twigs and straws; put them into a warm oven to become brown and crisp. Brush over the cake with a little warm apricot jam and roll it in the chopped pistachio nut till it has the appearance of moss. Fill up the bottom of the cake with any pieces over, and scatter grated chocolate over it inside. This makes it look like the lining of the nest. And now arrange on the twigs and straws of cake and angelica as naturally as possible, making them stick with jam, and rolling some of them in pistachio nut until your nest is quite rough and covered with twigs and grasses.

And now take three or four bantam's eggs, make a hole at each end, and blow them; stand the shells in sawdust, and fill them from the hole at one end with the following mixture. (Standing the eggs in sawdust or bran prevents the mixture running out at the other end.)

*Filling for eggs for nest.*—Take two yolks of eggs, half a pint of cream, one ounce of loaf sugar, half an ounce of gelatine, one

tablespoonful of curacao. Dissolve the gelatine in a quarter of a pint of milk; add the sugar. Make a custard with the yolks and cream; add the gelatine, and strain. Lastly, stir in the curacao, and a few drops of Marshall's sap green colouring. Fill the egg-shells quite full with the custard, by means of a small funnel, and allow them to set. When they are quite firm, break off the shell; take a little moist chocolate and just fleck the eggs with tiny specks of chocolate. Just before sending to table, pour a wineglassful of sherry over the nest. Put the eggs in the nest, and send to table.

#### "A HOUSE OF HIDDEN TREASURE."

Make some Genoese pastry thus:—Take six ounces of flour, six ounces of butter, eight ounces of castor sugar, and seven eggs. Melt the butter, and brush over a clean baking-tin; line the tin with paper, and brush over the paper also. Break the eggs into a basin; add the sugar, and whisk for twenty minutes till you have a frothy cream. When sufficiently beaten, stir in the flour and butter melted, very lightly; pour the mixture into the prepared tin, and bake till a golden colour. Then take the pastry, lay it flat on the table, and cut into pieces thus: two oblong pieces for the side-walls of your house, two rather larger oblong pieces for the roof, and two gable ends, and you will require a much larger piece for the floor of your house, as it must come about one inch beyond the walls all round. Cut out three or four windows in each side, and windows and a door at the end. Be very careful that each of your pairs match exactly in size, and that they are quite flat. Then return them to rather a hot oven for a few minutes to get quite crisp; take them out, and allow to get cold, being careful to keep them quite flat.

Then begin to build the little house. Take some Royal icing and cover the floor with it about a quarter of an inch thick; then put some on the ends of the walls, and place them together. When all the four walls are up, allow the icing to get firm. Next cover the walls outside with white Royal icing by means of a plain forcer and bag. Make little balconies with thin strips of angelica, and stick these firmly into the sugar. Make green shutters for the windows, and a door in the same manner. Now spread some warm apricot jam on the ground round the house, and over it sprinkle finely-chopped pistachio

nut and burnt almonds, also finely-chopped, to represent grass and gravel. And now put on half of the roof, and cover it thickly with Royal icing. This must be made a pale straw-colour to represent thatch. Rough it after having put it on with a forcer. Then put on some sugared almonds rubbed in chocolate to represent the large stones on the thatch. Do the other side of your roof in the same manner, but do not fix it on, and your house is ready; and we will give the ingredients for the "treasure" hidden inside.

For this, take three apricots, two pears, two ounces of cherries, two ounces of strawberries, two bananas, one wineglassful of curacao, one pint of whipped cream, one tablespoonful of sugar. Cut up the larger fruit, with a silver knife, into small pieces, removing the core; stone the stoned fruit; now make all into a *macédoine*, and add the curacao. Now fill the little house with alternate layers of the *macédoine* and the whipped cream, and put on the other side of the roof.

The side of the roof is removed for serving. In winter, crystallised fruits may be used, when they must be first cooked in a syrup and allowed to get cold.

#### "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."

Take some small boat-shaped moulds and line them with cheese pastry made thus:—Two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, yolk of one egg, salt and cayenne. Mix all well together into a stiff dough; roll out very thinly. Make some small triangular pieces of pastry as thin as note-paper, for sails. Also cut some small strips for masts. Place all these in a cool oven until they are a pale brown. Remove carefully from the moulds and allow to get cold.

For the filling of the boats we shall require:—One olive to each boat, a small tin of *foie gras*, a quarter of a pint of stiffly-whipped cream, a pinch of cayenne pepper. Stone the olives carefully, and force them with *foie gras*. Place a little *foie gras* in the bottom of the boats; stand up the olive at the bow of the boat, and the sail and mast in the middle. Flavour the whipped cream with cayenne pepper, put into a small bag with a rose forcer, and fill the boat with little roses of cream over the *foie gras* to represent bales of cotton. Garnish with a little pale-green jelly chopped round.

## TRAVELLING.

By ELIZABETH A. S. DAWES, M.A., D.Litt.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes,

By the deep sea, and music in its roar:  
I love not man the less, but Nature more;

From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all  
conceal.—Byron—"Childe Harold."

Every great man is always being helped by everybody, for his gift is to get good out of all things and all persons.—Ruskin—"Frondees Agrestes," p. 146.

SPRING has gone, and summer is here, and with its arrival our thoughts turn to the summer holidays and the pleasant trip at home or abroad that will await many of us then. Now, because it has become such a universal custom in England for every

family that possibly can do so to go away for a change and rest for a few weeks in the summer, I should like to give a few hints which might enable the girls who read this paper to gain perhaps more real enjoyment and also real profit from their holiday than they have done hitherto. Travelling is made so easy now, and the facilities for it are so immense, that hundreds of people who, fifty years ago, would rarely, if ever, have quitted their native town or village, can now enjoy the inestimable privilege of visiting spots of beauty and interest in their own and foreign countries. But please notice that fifty years ago a "travelled" person would be expected to have learnt a good deal from his travels, to be able to tell of the natural beauties, the habits, manners, and industries of the strange lands he had seen, as well as having gained a wider knowledge of matters literary, or artistic, or scientific; therefore we of to-day must, in proportion as we have more opportunities,

also benefit thereby and grow in spirit, mind, and soul by our intercourse with Nature and our fellow-creatures.

Firstly, our wandering about ought to teach us to appreciate Nature in her different moods and aspects, and to feel the wonder and grandeur of these voiceless witnesses to God's greatness. Gleaming snow-clad mountains in their dazzling whiteness speak of the unattainable purity and serene immovability of God, and the unchangeableness of His purposes. They inspire one with a longing after far-seen ideals, of which in our busy everyday life we lose sight.

Then the ever-moving, ever-changing sea and the wild rushing waterfalls roaring down and cutting a path for themselves, perhaps, between towering rocks—how they speak on one hand of man's littleness and weakness, and yet on the other cause us to reverence his divine intelligence, which can bend and subdue even such mighty forces to his own use!

One lesson that we can all learn from Nature, be it from the stars above or the waters below, is well expressed by Matthew Arnold, the lesson of "toil unsevered from tranquillity—of labour that in lasting fruit outgrows" the noisier schemes of men. For, while on earth man's uproar mingles with his toil, Nature's sleepless ministers move on, their glorious tasks in silence perfecting.

It teaches us, in short, that we too have our little bit of work to do, and should do it unwearingly and obediently, and not trouble ourselves as to whether our work is observed and admired by men, or whether it is done in some obscure, quiet corner—the *quality* of our work alone should be our concern.

You will perhaps say that it is not necessary to travel in order to appreciate Nature. That is true, for this appreciation should be a constant habit with us wherever we be; but, when we travel, we probably see Nature in hitherto unseen aspects, for no two spots are exactly the same, and it is the variety and peculiar loveliness of each different garb that you must learn to reverence and love.

Secondly, our historical knowledge, which naturally includes not only the political but also the artistic and literary history of a nation, should be developed by our travels. Too many people visit a country and return, knowing nothing except the names of the hotels they stayed at and the people they met, and perhaps a confused idea of a lot of churches and picture-galleries, or a dim impression of pretty trees and lakes. That kind of travelling is quite wrong—nay, more, it seems almost a crime to go through the world with eyes blinded, not by Nature, but by indifference. Think of Greece and Italy, for instance. Why, it seems almost desecration that they should be visited by mere sightseers who have no acquaintance with their legendary and traditional lore, their soul-stirring history and their marvellous achievements in the domain of literature and art. And yet why should that be said of Greece and Italy more than of other old countries? for it is absolutely impossible, I think, to really and truly get all the enjoyment possible out of a country unless one has at least some knowledge of its history. Fancy visiting Clermont without knowing and thus picturing to oneself the great assembly gathered there to hear the stirring words of Peter the Hermit, or walking through the Alhambra and being ignorant of what the Moors did in and for Spain, or looking at the ceiling of the Sistine chapel without knowing something of the painter's life! No, these grand old historic countries should be approached with that feeling of thankfulness that Byron expresses in the following words in "Childe Harold"—

"Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,  
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,  
Shall I *unmoved* behold the hallowed scene,  
Which others rave of, though they know it not?"

We should, therefore, endeavour to bring to life again in our own imaginations the events or legends connected with the scenes we behold, and to do this we ought to do our reading before we start for our holiday. I should suggest a *Baedeker* first of all to give a good substratum of facts. These facts and allusions in *Baedeker* must be supplemented by poetry, some history, or book of legends, as the case may be, and then, if possible, get somebody who knows all the facts of interest about the place to which you are going to tell you about them and make you feel enthusiastic before you start. If you only open your *Baedeker* when you are in the place just in order to see "what there is to be seen," you will remember but little and benefit less, whereas, if you go with a mind stored with facts to bring to life on the spot, you will come back really refreshed from your holiday, and feeling that it forms a little green oasis of repose and delight in your life.

Our imagination is, as a rule, too little exercised nowadays, and it will be a rest for the brain if for a short period we somewhat relax the matter-of-fact, prosaic, and practical contemplation of life and its duties to allow our imagination to lead us back into the realms of mediæval days, and there meet and converse with the history-makers, artists, knights, and lovers and ladies of old. To give you an example—if you are going for a short stay on the Rhine—first read up *Baedeker* and get hold of a book of the old legends connected with the castles and churches on its banks, and the poems written, not only on them, but also the best-known ones written during the wars of 1806-1813, then read a short history to teach you the chief facts of German history in those years and before. If you read on these lines for a couple of weeks before you start, and only take a few of the books with you to refresh your memory and to read over any favourite passages, I feel convinced that you will return with the agreeable satisfaction of having grown to know and love at least one little corner of our old world. I should also like to mention Frances Elliott's *Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy*, Kinglake's *Eothen*, and Bulwer Lytton's *Athens*, for those respectively about to visit Rome, Galilee, or Greece. Even if you are going to a spot, say, the fjords of Norway, or the Engadine of Switzerland, where there are no large towns with historic associations, yet the old history of the country, the present political constitution, the chief products and manufactures of the country are points to be found out beforehand. There are sure to be legends, too, or tales of some kind connected with the country. With Willson's *Guide to Norway* and *Baedeker's Switzerland* you may supplement your knowledge of each of these fascinating countries by the reading of other books and by personal observation.

Thirdly and lastly, travelling should be used by us as a great—in fact, the principal—means of enlarging our sympathies and acquiring the power of charitable judgment. We English, as a nation, are too apt to look upon foreigners as an inferior bit of creation, in no way either intellectually or physically equal to ourselves. This feeling, which is unjust as well as absurd,

ought to be removed by intelligent travelling, for if travelling abroad does not help us to have readier sympathy with people of different views and aims from our own, why, then, in sooth, we had better stay in our own little island, and not offend and hurt others by going amongst them and utterly disregarding their prejudices and sensibilities. It makes one feel sorry that English people are so censorious to others. But, alas! we do not show ourselves in a favourable light out of our own country, and are too often wanting in due courtesy and fine feeling, though we are never slow in loudly blaming the want of it in others. The most evident proof of this is the way in which we make merry over and laugh at a foreigner who speaks bad English, whereas a Frenchman or German would never even smile, if possible, at the most atrocious specimen of their language as spoken by strangers. We should, in travelling, try to observe the qualities and characteristics of other nationalities which give them their individuality, and may, somewhat to our loss, be wanting in us. Notice the thrifty and saving spirit of the French peasant, who bends his mind primarily to scraping together a "dot" for each of his daughters, compared to the shiftlessness of our English agricultural labourers. In Germans, again, do not confine yourself to ridiculing their outward heaviness, but observe their dogged perseverance, their invincible desire to learn, and the unselfish devotion to knowledge shown by many of their men of science. In Norwegians their good carriage and deportment, in Switzerland the generally high standard of education, in Greeks their marvellous *savoir faire* and courtesy in little matters, may be admired. These I give as examples of what I mean by trying to notice what is praiseworthy, instead of only blaming what is ugly, in non-English persons. Travel with an open mind and a charitable eye; remember that, as a change of food is good for our physical health, so a change of companions and ways of thought may be equally beneficial to our intellectual and moral nature. Do not start with the foregone conclusion that every country which does not invariably provide an eight o'clock breakfast of "tea, toast, and bacon" is not fit for habitation. Coffee, and rolls, and honey are a pleasant substitute occasionally.

Further, if you find some habits and institutions very different from our own, see whether the different climate or the bygone history of the country accounts for them. Try to get to know the tastes of this foreign people, also the arts they chiefly cultivate, in what they take most pride.

It is by travelling in the way I have faintly endeavoured to indicate, by preparing one's mind beforehand to appreciate, and love, and search out all of interest in a place, and then entering it with courtesy and charitable judgment in one's heart and actions, and an eye ever observant of all beauty and picturesqueness in nature or man, that we shall come back to our home with views broader and more tolerant, and with our memory stored with sweet recollections of pleasant scenes and pleasant people, that it will be a continual delight to talk and think over in after life.

